

The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
AT
MIDDLETOWN, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE
—BY—
T. S. FOURACRE.
LONG DISTANCE PHONE NO. 37.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter
MIDDLETOWN, DEL., AUG. 13, 1912

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

The natal day of the Progressive Party in Delaware at the Dover Convention, on Wednesday last, was a notable event, as its after history in the politics of this state, will abundantly prove. As became an epoch making occasion it was dignified and serious.

The spectacle of several hundred citizens from every part of the state, representative in character and in intelligence, soberly, yet earnestly, reaffirming the doctrine of the fathers—the right of the people to self-government—and then, after renouncing all allegiance to a once great party as utterly disloyal to its high principles and heroic history, proceeding with calm, deliberate purpose to organize a new party, and to retake into their own hands the usurped and abused powers of sovereignty, that they might remedy the evils and right the wrongs from which the people are suffering—this, we repeat, was a spectacle that well deserves to be remembered as historic.

And it will be, for the Progressive Party is a movement born out of the very bosom of the clean people themselves, responsive to their heart needs and desires, and like all great popular upheavals that have wrought revolutions, because it thus arises out of the bitter necessity and imminent peril of the hour it will summon to its support those deep and strong convictions of duty and right which will forbid any failure, and the new movement will go forward to the accomplishment of its lofty, patriotic mission despite all the opposition of corrupt politicians or of timid weaklings prating of party regularity.

The course of the National Republican party has long been an affront to the moral sense of the American people, and the profound and nation-wide conviction that it has become a traitor to popular government and a menace to the Republic, is demanding its overthrow.

Just as the deep moral sentiments of this Nation in 1852 demanded the destruction of the Old Whig party because, untrue to human freedom, it favored African slavery, so will the same moral sense of the Nation November, destroy the Republican party because it too has become recreant to human rights, and sought the economic enslavement of the whole people, white and black.

Neither in Delaware nor in the Nation, will the Progressive Party be permitted to fall into the unclean hands of selfish, discredited politicians whose espousal would damn it ere it had left the cradle, though such is the devout wish of the bosses of both parties, and in their predictions that it will here be so, the wish is plainly father to the thought.

The necessity for a new party in the Nation is urgent. Already the reactionary majority in the Democratic party are working the perennial follies that have ever blasted its fairest hopes, and driven it from power.

The same reactionary, Special Interest favoring forces are in control in the Democratic Congress that have wrecked the Republican party. The two parties are tarred with the same nasty stick—a wish to serve the Special Interests rather than the people. Already the Bourbon cloven foot of Democracy is visible in its unpatriotic and reactionary measures in Congress, and even though Wilson, who like Cleveland is better than his party should favor real reforms and a progressive policy, his efforts, like those of President Cleveland, would be fatally hamstrung by the ruling Tories of his own party.

Space allows references but to two of their policies. First, that to cripple our navy and leave both our great canal and our outlying territory, a prey to the grasping Japs and the insistent Germans, both of whom have already plainly shown their teeth.

Second, that which seeks, at the dictation of the railroads, to break the back of the Interstate Commerce Commission and drive its now protected suitors, the people, into railroad-controlled courts there to be worn out by "the law's delays." This policy is even more infamous than the first.

Therefore, it is safe to predict that long before the close of Wilson's term, (should he be chosen,) the disgusted people will be ready to drive the Democratic party once more out of power.

Hence it is absolutely necessary, first that the diseased, old, National Republican party carcass be given a burial so deep that no single note of Gabriel's trumpet will ever stir its unclean ashes; second, that the new Progressive Party be fully formed in order that the people may have a patriotic organization to whose clean, loyal hands they may safely intrust the Nation's welfare. This deep scuttling of the piratical crew that have usurped the quarter deck of the grand old Republican Ship, is the more necessary, because when the National Committee accomplished the Chicago infamy, there were 15 honest, protesting Progressives in it, while now the reactionary tools of the Special Interests wholly compose it!

THE THIRD PARTY

Convention Held and Delegates Elected to the Progressive Convention

Delaware was added to the list of states in which the National Progressive Party movements have taken form, when 400 men, representing all districts of the state, met in mass convention in Dover on Wednesday and elected six delegates and six alternates to the Progressive Party National Convention in Chicago, which will be held on August 5th. A permanent party organization for the state was authorized and a state convention at which may be named a ticket of Progressive candidates for all state offices, will be held in the Fall.

Delegates Elected
The delegates, each of whom will be entitled to one-half vote, at the Chicago Convention, with their alternates, are as follows:

Kent County—J. Frank Allee, Dover, former United States Senator; George B. Hyman, Milford; Alternates: J. Colby Smith, Wilton; George A. B. Peet, Milford.
New Castle County—Irving Warner, Wilmington; Dr. Samuel G. Elbert, New Castle, a negro; Alternates: Francis I. duPont, Wilmington; Herman Doll, Wilmington.

Sussex County—Robert G. Houston, Georgetown; William I. Simpson, Milford; Alternates: R. Reese Layton and Eli Robbins, Cool Spring.

All Factionalism Absent

Although there were a few prominent Democrats at the meeting, the great majority of those taking part were Republicans. The convention was a novel spectacle for the persons used to the usual Delaware state conventions. There was no sign of the factionalism that has marked previous Conventions of the old parties. The convention went about its work earnestly and methodically, yet with the greatest enthusiasm for the new party movement.

The State Committee following the adoption of the platform, the following State Committee was named:

Kent County—J. H. Primrose, S. H. Derby, W. B. Fleming, S. J. Abbott, with one district to be filled.
New Castle County—W. P. Wile, Herman Doll, A. A. Wilmont, S. F. Ewart, Thomas B. Rogers, with two vacancies to be filled.

Sussex County—J. T. Vandenberg, Leroy C. Longfellow, Albert J. White, Louis A. Drexler, C. R. Layton.
The committee did not organize on Wednesday, awaiting the completion of the county representation.

CECILTON

Mr. Pauline Shaw spent Monday and Tuesday in Baltimore.

Miss Pauline Blaxton, of Baltimore, has been visiting friends here.

Miss Mary Hunter, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. Wilner Millika.

Miss Morgan Hesse, of Chestertown, is the guest of Miss Georgia Wainsley.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mrs. Emma Pierce.

Mrs. J. A. Smith is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Boyles, of near Galea.

Mrs. Cornelius Davis and daughter, of near Sassafras, spent one day last week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Manlove and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. Snyder.

Mr. Robert Anderson and Miss Elizabeth Anderson were the guests of their sister on Sunday.

Miss Mary Blackway and Miss Marion Griffith have been the guests of Mrs. O. E. Jones in Seaford.

Mrs. Hardesty, of Georgetown, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. G. L. Hardesty.

Rev. A. R. Watkins, wife and two daughters, Miss Helen and Grace, of N. J., are visiting Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Black.

PORT PENN

Mrs. John Dullow is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Fisher, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Julius Davis, of Chester, Pa., is spending a short time in the village.

Mrs. Walter Yearsley is entertaining her niece Mrs. Clara Streets, of Trappe, Md.

Clarence Webb and wife, of Philadelphia, are the guests of his parents, George Webb and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, of Wrightstown, N. J., are the guests of their daughter Mrs. F. B. Yearsley.

A number of pleasure seekers are in the vicinity and enjoying the sport of fishing, bathing, etc.

Mrs. B. W. Yearsley entertained part of last week her sister Mrs. Albert Cullison, of Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Emma Brady, of Philadelphia, spent part of last week as the guest of I. W. Conard and family.

Brainard Webb, wife and son, of Philadelphia, have returned after a week's visit with his father O. B. Webb.

WARWICK

Judge R. B. Merritt spent Wednesday in Elkton.

Miss Eula Vinyard spent Wednesday in Wilmington.

Quite a number from here spent Saturday evening at Betterton.

Miss Lillie Davis entertained friends from Milford on Sunday.

Miss Blanch Wright spent Tuesday with friends in Middletown.

Mrs. S. E. Gunkel is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ernest, at Sassafras.

Miss Willie King, of Wilmington, spent Thursday with her parents, near town.

Mrs. Mary Price, of Philadelphia, is spending some time with Mrs. Josephine Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Merritt Jr., were entertained on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Bishop.

Rev. G. Hill and daughter, Miss Bell, are visiting relatives and friends at Uniontown and in Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Jordan, of Hockessin, spent from Saturday until Tuesday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Eaton.

There will be no preaching here on Sunday evening, owing to the absence of the pastor, Rev. G. J. Hill, Christian Endeavor at 7 o'clock.

Death of Edmund Kees

After an illness of several months, Edmund Kees, one of the best known colored men in this section died on Tuesday, aged about 75 years. He was a veteran of the Civil War, and for many years had been known as a handy man around town, and his friends were many.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS

APPOQUINIMINK HUNDRED

The taxable residents of Appoquinimink Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred, are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1912 are now due, and the undersigned Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be at the office of GEORGE M. D. HART, in TOWNSHIP, DEL., EVERY SATURDAY, During AUGUST, 1912, From 2 to 5 o'clock, P. M.

Tax bills can be obtained by making personal application to the Collector, or by sending written communication enclosing stamps.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAWS OF DELAWARE, GOVERNING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY, SECTION 3, CHAPTER 30, VOLUME 21, LAWS OF DELAWARE, AS AMENDED:

Section 3.—That on all taxes paid before the first day of October there shall be an abatement of five per centum. On all taxes paid before the first day of December there shall be an abatement of three per centum. On all taxes paid during the month of December there shall be no abatement whatever. And on all taxes unpaid on the first day of January five per centum thereof shall be added thereto.

WILLIAM C. MONEY,
Collector of Taxes for Appoquinimink Hundred

WHAT ABOUT THAT JOB OF

Plumbing

Call and let me give you an estimate before you give your order. I am in a position to give you the very best materials in all branches of the plumbing trade. All work guaranteed to be satisfactory. I can do your

PLUMBING, STEAM FITTING, Pump and Well Work
Or furnish you with a "BUTLER" Wind Mill or Hay Track on short notice. If you need anything in my line, a post card will bring me to your home.

LONG DISTANCE PHONE NO. 70
JOHN B. SPICER
P. O. Box 31,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

FIRE INSURANCE

Town Property, Farm Buildings, and Stock
TORNADO INSURANCE
Insure now against damage from wind storms

Life and Accident Insurance
GEORGE D. KELLEY,
Middletown, Del.

NOTICE TO OPERATORS

MOTOR VEHICLES

All motor vehicles operating or standing upon the streets of the town of Middletown, Delaware, from one hour after sunset until one hour before sunrise show at least one white light visible not less than two hundred feet toward the direction in which the vehicle is proceeding, and one Red Light shall be shown visible in the opposite direction.

By order of
TOWNS COMMISSIONERS
Middletown, Delaware, July 3, 1912.

ESTATE OF Estella Naudain, Deceased

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the Estate of Estella Naudain, late of Appoquinimink Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Horatio N. Wilite and Merritt N. Wilite, Jr., on the Tenth day of July, A. D. 1912 and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Executors without delay, and all persons having claims against the said deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly proved to the said Executor on or before the Tenth day of July, A. D. 1913, or abide by the law in this behalf.

Horatio N. Wilite, Jr.,
Merritt N. Wilite, Jr.,
Executors.
Address: Merritt N. Wilite, Jr., Corn Exchange National Bank, 21 and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

ESTATE OF James B. Baker, Deceased

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the Estate of James B. Baker late of Aberdeen, Maryland, deceased, were duly granted unto William H. Bayless and George Harold Baker on the 11th day of June, A. D. 1912 and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Administrators without delay, and all persons having claims against the said deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly proved to the said Administrators on or before the 11th day of June, A. D. 1913, or abide by the law in this behalf.

William H. Bayless,
George Harold Baker
Administrators.
Address: William H. Bayless, Esq., Fidelity Building, Baltimore, Md.

ESTATE OF Alexander Maxwell, Deceased

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon the Estate of Alexander Maxwell late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto James B. Messick on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1912 and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Executor without delay, and all persons having claims against the said deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly proved to the said Executor on or before the 24th day of May, A. D. 1913, or abide by the law in this behalf.

JAMES B. MESSICK, Executor
Address: Martin B. Barrie, Esq., Attorney Law Middletown, Del.

"Shock Cottage"

Cor. Ohio Avenue and Boardwalk
REHOBOTH, DELAWARE
Delaware's popular resort. Fine cuisine and dining-room. Seating capacity 100. Open June 11th. For terms address

MRS. M. C. BARNETT,
Rehoboth, Del.

DELAWARE COLLEGE

NEWARK, DELAWARE
Reopens Sept. 12, 1912

Entrance Examinations, Friday and Saturday, June 21 and 22, and Tuesday and Wednesday, September 10 and 11. For Catalogue and other information write to

GEO. A. HARTER,
President

Charles Schuman

Hand-Made Harness
Repairing a Specialty
West Main Street
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Redgrave Bros.

DEALERS IN
Hardware, Stoves,
Paints, Tin Roofing,
Plumbing
Middletown, Delaware

For SHERIFF OF NEW CASTLE CO. 1912
Walter S. Burris
OF NEW CASTLE HUNDRED.
Subject to the decision of the Republican voters.

1912
For Receiver of Taxes and County Treasurer
Robert M. Burns
Subject to the decision of the Republican Primaries.

Eugene Racine
AUCTIONEER
Middletown, Del.

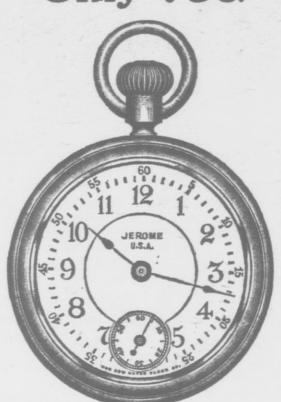
John Heldmyer, Jr.

Fancy and Staple Groceries
FRESH AND SALT MEATS
Strictly Fresh EGG, - 19c and 21c
Farmers' Creamery BUTTER, - 33c
Hubers Famous King Midas Bread and Chesapeake Baking Company's Pound, Marble and Fruit Cake

NOTE.—I pay the highest CASH prices for all Country Produce, and sell Strictly for Cash; allowing my customers 2 per cent. discount.

PHONE NO. 74.

Only 79c.



Wright Watches at the right price; No. 115, 16 size thin model, highly polished, nickel case, fitted with an American movement, lever escapement, stem wind and set movement; double, sunken, Roman or Arabic dials with Marginal figures; Each watch is timed, tested and regulated and fully guaranteed for one year.

Each 79c.
No. 116—Gun metal.
No. 117—Gilt Finish.
No. 115—Nickel Finish.
Free with each Watch a Gold Plate Coat Chain.

PERFECTION PATTERN CO.,
1314 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

HAVE YOUR

Shoes Repaired

AT

J. Applefeld & Bro.

We have bought M. Dektor's old stand, on North Broad Street, near Jones' Meat Shop. We do the best work for less money—work done promptly and well.

J. APPLEFELD & BRO.
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Binder

Twine

and

Harvesting

Oils

—AT—

W. S. Letherbury's

Middletown, Delaware

NEW OPENING

Shoe Repairing

Old Shoes made like NEW

Men's Shoes 45c
Ladies' Shoes 35c

L. FROMKIN
Kates' Old Stand, East Main St.
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

Summer Shoe Sale

SUMMER is two-thirds gone and Summer Shoes unsold must make room for the coming season's wear—Fall and Winter. But it offers a golden chance for our customers to get shoes almost for a song—not quite—but at heavy reductions!

We offer all our low cut shoes at just 1-2 they sold for, all other shoes reduced 25 per cent.! This is a big cut on our first-class high-grade shoes, and it will richly repay anybody to lay in more than present needs require.

Remember, this is no fake reduction on a low grade stock brought in for the purpose, but it is 1-4 to 1-2 off the prices at which these high grade shoes were sold over our counters this whole Spring and Summer through. It means that if you buy four pairs of low cut shoes you save enough to get two more pairs for nothing, or if you buy other styles, one pair for nothing!

Many persons wear the same weight of shoes all the year around—to such, this chance to buy shoes at these figures means money worth while. This stock of real LEATHER BARGAINS will go off quickly because the public know our reductions are genuine. So, if you want to get footwear, first-class in every respect, for little money, come early.

Women's Low Shoes

Worth \$2.50 to \$3.00, at 25 per cent. less. There are Pumps, Blucher-Oxfords, Ribbon-Oxfords, Ankle-Strap Ties and Instep-Strap Ties of Patent Colt, Gun Metal and Russia Calf. Only one or two pair of a kind, yet all sizes in the lot.

They are just the kind of low shoes you'll need to take when going for your vacation and the kind you'll want to buy in abundance to save until next season, besides getting a plentiful supply for the balance of the Summer.

Women's White Shoes

Women's White Canvas Pumps and Shoes, worth \$2.00 and \$2.50, at 25 per cent. less.

Misses' and Children's Shoes

A few Children's and Misses' Low Shoes in patent leather oxfords, worth \$1.00 at 49c!

Men's Oxfords

A few pairs of Men's Oxfords in black and tan, in broken sizes, worth \$2.00 and \$2.50 at \$1.59. All our regular stock of patent colt, gun metal and russet Oxfords at 25 per cent. off the usual price.

N. B.—This Bargain Sale of Summer shoes at these reduced prices, will drag after it all our regular stock of shoes in button and lace for Men Women and Children, at a cut of 25 per cent. on the ordinary sale figure! This is also a big chance to save money.

Fogel & Burstan

Department Store
Middletown, Delaware

CASH

Buyers of HARNESS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, COATS, ROBES AND BLANKETS can save one-third to one-half BUYING DIRECT.

We are direct representatives of Large Manufacturers who not only make Harness and Horse Goods, but tan the LEATHER, therefore it is from Tannery of Hide to Consumer.

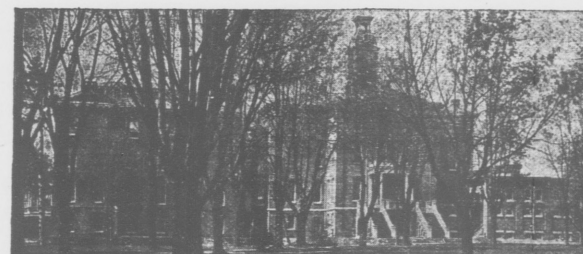
AS A SPECIAL WE WILL SEND YOU FOR \$10.88 A SET OF HARNESS usually sold for \$15.00

Money back if not satisfactory.

Write for anything in this line and we will show you how much you can save through us. For years selling to you through the Dealer but now to you direct.

Joseph C. Parker Company

Formerly J. C. Parker & Son Co.
No. 200 Mutual Life Building
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Christian School for Boys and Girls. Three Courses Leading to College. Course in Art, Instrumental and Vocal Music. Commercial Course, New Rooms, New Furniture, New Typewriters, Pitman Shorthand, Touch Method Typewriting, New Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Athletic Field.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO

REV. HENRY G. BUDD, Principal. Dover, Del

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SPECIAL ONE-DAY EXCURSIONS

OCEAN CITY, MD. REHOBOTH, DEL. ATLANTIC CITY

FROM MIDDLETOWN

Thursday, August 15

ROUND \$1.25 TRIP

SPECIAL THROUGH TRAIN

Thursday, August 8 and 22

ROUND \$1.25 TRIP

SPECIAL THROUGH TRAIN

Tuesdays, August 6, 13 and 20

ROUND \$2.00 TRIP

SPECIAL THROUGH TRAIN

For leaving time of Special Through Trains from all stations, Consult Hand Bills at Stations, or Ticket Agents

TICKETS GOOD ONLY ON SPECIAL TRAIN IN EACH DIRECTION

The Middletown Transcript

Mails Close as Follows:
Going North—7:30 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m.
Going South—7:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., and 9 p. m.
For Odessa—7:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m.
For Warwick, Cecilton and Barville 9:30 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., AUG. 3, 1912

LOCAL NEWS

Wagons and Dearborns for sale.
J. C. GREEN.

The best steak, roast, lamb and veal, at W. C. Jones.

FRESH and SALT FISH at my store at all times.
W. C. JONES.

Wagons and Dearborns for sale.
J. C. GREEN.

Latest designs in Wall Paper at BANNING.

Try my own make ice cream, in large or small quantities.
W. D. WILCUT.

HIDES WANTED.—The highest cash prices paid for horse and cow hides.
W. C. JONES.

FOR SALE—Hand crocheted luncheon set of 15 pieces.
Mrs. Wm. McCoy, Odessa, Del.

Just received a large lot of Pure Rockers and Bamboo Porch Screens. Call and see them.

A fine line of Ladies Shirt Waists in the new punch work, centre pieces, carving cloths and stamped pillow cases.
Mrs. J. H. EMERSON.

We have stored in our warehouse peach and truck baskets in any quantity. For sale Yellow Cub Corn.

Phone 5 & 48. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

FOR SALE—New Crimson Clover Seed \$5 bushel. Shipment about August 1st.

JOSEPH E. HOLLAND, Milford, Del.

The best grades of William Penn and Georges Creek Coal always on hand. Full weight of 2240 lbs. guaranteed.

SHORT & WALLS LUMBER CO.

Farmers who had better see the Royce Fertilizer Agent before placing your orders for your Fall phosphate.

J. A. Cleaver, Agent, Middletown, Del.

Teeth without plates, gold crowns and bridgework. The newest cast aluminum plates. Also gold and vulcanite dentures. Free Estimate. Dr. J. ALLEN JOHNSON, Phone 150.

OUR HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL, FRESH MINED is now arriving at our yards subject to your orders. Guaranteed free from dirt. Always in stock and under cover. Phone 5-48. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

Unclaimed Letters.—The following list of letters remains unclaimed in the post office for the week ending July 25th: Miss Edw. Shockley, Mr. Daglas M. Michel, Edw. Owens (Dad Letter), T. V. Rhee.

Mrs. Leona H. Green has purchased of Mr. E. M. Shallos a handsome R. C. H. runabout. Mr. Shallos has just taken the agency for this car, and expects to dispose of several more during the season.

After June first the Library hours will be: Tuesdays 7 to 8:30; Fridays 7 to 8:30; Saturdays 3 to 5 P. M.

NEW STORE—I wish to inform the public that I have secured the agency for the Grand Union Tea Co., and have retained the store room vacated by J. F. Child.

will keep at all times a full line of Tea and Coffee and also a large line of our premiums. B. F. GALLAGHER, AGT.

The remains of Al. Alexander Miller, son of the late Rev. R. Lloyd Alexander, who died in Philadelphia, July 31st were brought to Middletown on the noon train Thursday and interred in St. Ann's cemetery. He was in the 75th year of his age.

The annual excursion from Chesapeake City to Tolchester will be given next Wednesday, August 7th. The steamer will leave Chesapeake City at eight o'clock, making a stop at Town Point. This is always a pleasant and popular excursion and will no doubt be well patronized.

Bethesda Church Notes

Next Sunday, the pastor, Rev. Vanghan S. Collins, will preach at 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. The morning theme will be "Near-Sighted Christians." It is hoped that the excellent attendance of last Sunday will be increased.

The Sunday School at 9:30 A. M., is very welcome to the school workers, giving them the opportunity for Sabbath rest in the afternoon. The annual picnic will be held at August 8th, Ch. Ch., Thursday, August 8th. Committees are busy preparing for a good time for every body.

The pastor having had his vacation, will be at home the remainder of the season and will be on hand to serve any who may need the services of a minister.

Exceeding the Speed Limit

Many automobile owners seem to have but little regard for the ordinance passed by our Town Council, fixing the speed limit at 12 miles an hour through the town.

A gentleman called at our office on Wednesday and stated that he had personally seen several cars passing out South Broad street that were not making less than 30 miles an hour.

The Commissioners have made several attempts to capture these violators by sending special officers to the outskirts of the town, but no arrests have been made. The reckless drivers evidently are on the lookout, and see the officers first.

Frank Racine Injured

While hauling wheat on the farm situated by Mr. William Wright near Mr. Pleasant Tuesday morning, Mr. Frank Racine was painfully injured by being thrown from the wagon when his horse ran away. The horses were frightened by the harness coming unfastened, and they immediately made a dash across the field and ran into a large washout Mr. Racine was thrown from the wagon and had several teeth knocked out and his right leg was badly lacerated.

Dr. D. W. Lewis attended the injured man and it took several stitches to close the wound.

Husfelt—Shuster Wedding

Mr. Oscar Husfelt, of Middletown, and Miss Pearl Shuster, of Townsend, were quietly married at two o'clock Friday afternoon by Rev. P. L. Donaghy, at St. Anne's Rectory.

OUR FRIENDS AND VISITORS

Personal Items About People You See and Know

Mr. John L. Byron spent Friday in Wilmington.

Mr. Raymond Jones spent Sunday at Atlantic City.

Miss Elizabeth Lindley left on Tuesday for Eastville, Va.

Miss May L. Beaton has returned from Chester town, Md.

Mrs. John Maloney visited Mrs. John Sullivan last week.

Miss Henrietta Schroeder is spending a week at Townsend.

Miss Elna Banning is spending some time at Ocean View, Md.

Miss Sarah Meseroll, of Trenton, N. J., is visiting Miss Mary Lewis.

Mrs. George W. Ingram has returned from a visit at Betterton, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schroeder are spending a week at Rehoboth.

Mrs. Royce Bartlett, of Richmond, Va., is the guest of Miss Edith Spry.

Miss Nellie Ernest, of Philadelphia, is the guest of Miss Emily Allee.

Miss Alice Dawson, of St. Michaels, Md., is the guest of Miss Ada Scott.

Miss Marion Vinyard is spending this week with relatives in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Heron E. Ford will spend some time at Eaglesmere, Pa.

Miss Elizabeth Banken, of Wilmington is visiting Miss Mildred Vaughan.

Mrs. Fred Macklin, of Wilmington, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Northrop.

Mrs. Anna Clark, of Wilmington, is the guest of her brother, Mr. J. H. Emerson.

Miss Laura Cannelle and Margaret Hanson are visiting relatives at Betterton, Md.

Miss S. S. Roberts, of Wilmington, spent Wednesday with Mrs. H. W. Wolford.

The Rev. and Mrs. Percy L. Donaghy have returned from a visit to Atlantic City.

Mrs. J. E. Walls has returned home after spending two weeks at "Oak Orchard."

Miss Jennie Gallagher is spending this week with Miss Ruth Gardner, of Centerville, Md.

Miss Emma Achenbach, of Marcus Hook, Pa., is the guest of Miss Alma Whitlock.

Mr. Joseph Sullivan, of Middle Neck, spent Sunday with Mr. John Maloney, near town.

Miss Alice Cochran has been spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. Frank J. Penington.

Miss Elsie Jones is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. William Gore, Cambridge, Md.

Miss Amy McGair, of Wilmington, is spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. John McGair.

Misses May C. and Agnes Green, of Green Falls, N. J., are guests of Miss Agnes Crowley.

Curtis Holten Jr., of Philadelphia, visited his grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Holten last week.

Mrs. J. B. Messick spent Wednesday with her son, Dr. Victor Messick and family in Smyrna.

Mrs. Zylene Cavender, of Philadelphia, was the guest of Mrs. W. Pierce Biggs, the first of the week.

Mrs. L. A. Penington, of Wilmington, has been spending a few days at the home of Mrs. H. V. Parvis.

Mr. John P. McIntyre, of Swedesboro, N. J., spent Wednesday and Thursday with friends here.

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Arter, of Portland, Maine, are visiting his parents, Rev. and Mr. Joseph A. Arter.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bennett and daughter, Catherine, are visiting Mrs. William H. Becker this week.

Thomas A. Burnham, of Wilmington, has been spending several days with his sister, Mrs. Samuel Penington.

Miss Ruth Gardner, of Centerville, Md., has returned home, after spending two weeks with Miss Naomi Keith.

Miss Sylvia A. Arthurs and Miss Susan E. Arthurs, of Wilmington, are visiting their aunt, Mrs. M. B. Burris.

Miss Jan Matten has been spending several days in Wilmington, the guest of her sister, Miss Bernice Metten.

Mrs. Mary E. Montgomery, of Little Creek, is spending several days with her son, Mr. C. S. Montgomery and wife.

Mr. Nathan Simmons, of Montrose, visited his sister, Mrs. Josephine McCleary, East Lake street the past week.

Miss Ocie Gillis, who has been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. J. J. Northrop, has returned to Wilmington.

Mrs. Albert K. Hopkins and children are spending two weeks with her sister, Mrs. M. J. Durlington, at Pleasant Hill, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Jolls returned on Monday after spending two weeks with relatives at Millington and Betterton, Md.

Mrs. M. A. Hall, Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Moore left on Monday morning for Bar Harbor, Maine, where they will spend a month or six weeks.

Miss Lillie Goldstein and Miss Lillie Leubman, of Wilmington, are spending several days with the Messers Berkman on North Broad street.

Mr. H. S. Crane and two daughters, Misses Dorothy and Eleanor, of Sparrows Point, Md., are spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Eliason.

Houston Naudain, of Baltimore, Md., spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. John M. Naudain at the home of Mrs. Naudain's mother, Mrs. S. E. Houston.

Mr. Charles Downey and daughter and Miss Mable N. Hubert, of Bear Station, were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Maloney, near town, on Sunday.

Mrs. Henry Nowland, Misses Emma Blackton and Mary Nowland, Mrs. E. M. Vaughan and son, Henry, are occupying a cottage at Rehoboth for the month of August.

Mrs. Anna Scott, who has been the guest of Mrs. C. M. Stanger and family for the past two weeks, returned to her home in Philadelphia on Thursday. Mr. Scott spent last Sunday here.

OUR PIANO VOTING CONTEST IS OVER

MISS LENA C. WEBER WINS THE HANDSOME \$400 PIANO HAVING 451,100 VOTES TO HER CREDIT

NEARLY 800 NEW SUBSCRIBERS ADDED TO OUR LIST

Like all things terrestrial, THE MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT'S Prize Voting Contest is at an end. We regret that every one of the hard working contestants, could not have captured the big prize, but that of course was impossible, though THE TRANSCRIPT has bettered Paul's words "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize", for it gave besides the piano prize 14 others or 15 in all, for a \$15.00 in gold, one for \$10.00 in gold and 12 other prizes in amounts from \$25.00 to \$5.00.

The winner of the handsome piano is Miss Lena Weber, of Middletown, one of our town's most popular young ladies, a graduate of the High School and now one of the staff in charge of the central telephone station in this town. Her vote was about 200,000 more than the next largest one.

Miss Eva Bender, one of our finest country young ladies living near Delaware City, also did splendid work and wins the second prize, the elegant dressing table given by Mr. J. H. Emerson, our well known furniture dealer and undertaker. Miss Bender worked faithfully and THE TRANSCRIPT appreciates her enthusiastic efforts in securing so many new subscribers.

Prize No. 3 was won by Miss Elsie Byron, another of our popular young ladies. It is a handsome sewing machine, "The New Home", with all the latest improvements, the first-class machine largely sold by Messrs. J. F. McWhorter & Son to their trade. Miss Byron merits her success and her labors have helped greatly.

Mrs. J. E. Peckard, one of Odessa's highly esteemed young matrons, gets the fourth prize, a beautiful \$10.00 gold bracelet given by Mr. S. Emili Massey, Middletown's jeweler. This fine ornament is like the gentleman it gave it—first-class. Mrs. Peckard has gotten a goodly number of new subscribers in and around Odessa.

Miss Lydia Rodgrave, of Mt. Pleasant, did loyal service in securing new names in her section and receives the fifth prize, a handsome \$5.00 lady's shirtwaist box, given by one of our town's foremost grocers, Mr. M. Banning, who keeps a high-grade store. Miss Rodgrave has also made us many new friends in her section.

Mrs. Edward G. Armstrong, of McDonough, wins prize No. 6, a fine lady's leather suitcase, price \$5.00, furnished by Mr. M. S. Rosenberg, the well-known proprietor of the Globe Clothing Store, in Middletown, having at this time a Special Sale. We thank Mrs. Armstrong for so many new friends from her neighborhood.

Prize No. 7, a fine \$5.00 set of silver knives and forks of the celebrated Keen Kutter Brand, contributed by Messrs. Rodgrave Bros., one of our leading hardware firms, whose store is next door to the post office, was won by Miss Anna Stetler, one of Odessa's bright young farmer girls with lots of friends, who helped boost our circulation in her vicinity.

Miss Hattie Cochran, another young and promising farmer lassie living near Middletown, carries off the eighth prize. Prize No. 8 is \$5.00 worth of groceries from Mr. W. T. Connelley's, one of Middletown's best and largest grocers; No. 9, is a \$5.00 box of Lowmy's chocolates donated by Mrs. Rosa Weber, one of our town's first candy stores; No. 10 is a \$5.00 potted plant given by our famous florist, Mr. E. J. Steele; No. 11 is a \$5.00 bottle of cologne, donated by Mr. Ernest A. Trutt, our graduated pharmacist who is doing a fine business at the old Bar Drug Store stand; No. 12 is a \$5.00 pattern hat given by L. M. Scott, Middletown's well-known milliner; No. 13, a \$5.00 silk petticoat, donated by Fogel & Burstein, whose department store is favorable known not only in Middletown but for miles in the country around.

Our thanks are likewise due the general public whose generous patronage of these 12 leading firms in their respective lines, has also contributed to the success of this venture.

Thanks to the large number of subscribers that have from time time been placed on our subscription book and to the special efforts made by these diligent contestants for our 15 prizes as above described, THE TRANSCRIPT has today by far the largest circulation of any newspaper in New Castle County, south of Wilmington!

Our subscription book is open to our advertisers and to any one wishing proof of the above statement.

We cannot close this little resume of our largely increased circulation without expressing our gratification at the fact that so many Democrats have honored us with their subscriptions! It proves to us that our excellent work as a live country newspaper devoted to the interests of Middletown and its fine farming neighborhood, is being appreciated, even by those who are not in accord with our views politically.

We give below the tabulated votes of the young ladies winning the 12 prizes:

Contestants	New Sub.	Renewal Sub.	Back Sub.	Merchants Sub.	Paper Sub.	Bonus Sub.	Total
Lena Weber.....	156	56	27	675	133	208,000	451,100
Eva Bender.....	131	20	20	675	133	208,000	233,150
Elsie Byron.....	86	41	8	1019	205	146,500	234,850
Mrs. J. E. Peckard.....	92	24	5	336	181	129,500	219,825
Lydia Rodgrave.....	60	33	5	498	82	83,500	153,000
Mrs. E. G. Arter strong.....	23	4	4	217	5	74,000	126,100
Anna Stetler.....	48	10	2	80	5	69,000	105,725
Hattie Cochran.....	41	25	7	512	32	42,000	95,500
Frances Beaton.....	32	21	17	210	127	31,500	73,475
Catherine Beaton.....	18	17	9	59	48	19,000	44,850
Pearl Russell.....	21	9	14	16	10	16,000	30,475
Anna May Berry.....	14	1	7	22	8	16,000	28,450
Mrs. Amy Bouchelle.....	9	1	2	16		10,000	17,000
Totals.....	735	281	107	3715	838	1,097,500	1,832,800

Odessa vs. McDonough

Last Saturday's baseball game between the young men of Odessa and McDonough was well played, being closely contested throughout as the score 8 to 7 in Odessa's favor attests. The respective pitchers were Carrow and Wallace for Odessa, and Hastings and Pennington, with Donovan in the two last innings, for McDonough.

These Odessa lads play really fine ball, and they have tanned the hides of our boys so often that our base ball editor has almost lost heart! But the Middletown lads have a brand new ground, and it is hoped there will be something doing in the future. But they will have to get up early and stay up late, to capture those agile young tossers of the leather in the town on the Appoquinimink.

Mrs. Howell Injured

"Flinging over a step at Fifth and Loden streets, Camden, N. J., while on the way to visit friends, Mrs. C. H. Howell, 71 years old, of Middletown, Del., sustained a dislocated shoulder and internal hemorrhage. She was taken to Cooper Hospital."

Phil. Ledger.

This is a matter for the deepest regret upon the part of all the friends in this community of this estimable old lady, and THE TRANSCRIPT is only echoing the sentiments of all who have learned of her painful misfortune, when it wishes for her an early recovery, from the effects of her serious misstep. Her daughter, Miss Ida V. Howell is with her, and hopes to bring her mother home today.

32 Potatoes Filled a Basket

Mr. R. C. Manlove, who resides on the Craven farm, on the road leading from Middletown to Odessa, brought to town on Thursday morning a prize basket of white potatoes. It only required 32 of his growing to fill a basket, and the large tubers attracted the attention of many of our farmers. They were of the Cobler variety. Mr. Manlove has unquestionably grown the champion potatoes this season.

New Overall Factory

Mr. Edward Graves, of Townsend, has rented the large room over Shallos' garage and will manufacture overalls, and has already placed some of the machinery in the building. Mr. Graves has been making overalls in Townsend for several years, and should make a success of his undertaking here. Every good citizen should encourage the new enterprise.

Taking Library Course

Miss Anderson, of Cecilton, Md., who proposes to take up library work, entered upon a long-term service of instruction at the Wilmington Institute Free Library Monday.

COLORED MAN SHOWED SPEED

About one o'clock Wednesday afternoon two colored men entered the store of S. M. Rosenberg, and asked to be shown a pair of shoes. After looking at several pair they decided not to purchase and one of them walked out the front door. Mr. Rosenberg thought he was acting strangely, and followed him to the door, and discovered the man had slipped a pair of shoes under his coat. At once and without being told to do so the colored man decided it was "his move," and he did move at a lively gait. In fact some of those who saw him going out West Main street, decided he was exceeding the speed limit, and telephoned for Chief Hilyard. Two motor cycles joined in the chase but the fleet-footed thief took to the corn field, and made his escape. Fortunately for Rosenberg the man dropped the shoes in his hasty retreat.

Base Ball To-Day

This (Saturday) afternoon at three o'clock, the newly organized Middletown base ball club will open the season on its new grounds on West Main street, when the Smyrna club will visit our town and try to take away with them the first bonus.

The home boys have had but little practice, and will be somewhat handicapped, as the Smyrna boys have played several games.

The following players will compose the local line-up: Pierce Donovan, I. F.; Alfred Connelley, R. F.; Samuel King, 3 b.; H. Seigel, 2d b.; E. P. Jolla, c.; Albert Donovan, 1st b.; Benj Gibbs, c.; J. R. Richards, p. James McDonough, c. f.;

A Word to the Public

I wish to inform the people of Middletown and vicinity that every piece of goods sold in my store during my sale was bought by me, and no one but myself was interested in the sale.

Some persons have been unkind enough to say that the goods sold were not my own, but I wish to deny this statement most emphatically.

I wish to say in conclusion, that any customer who purchased goods of me during the sale, and is not pleased with them, can return same at any time and get his or her money.

Very truly,
S. M. ROSENBERG.

Eighty-first Birthday

Mrs. Rebecca J. Pryor, near Dulany's, was given a surprise on Thursday afternoon in honor of her eighty-first birthday anniversary. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. George G. Woodkeeper, Blackbird; Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Badwell, Keaton; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Conner, Golt, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. James R. Pryor and children, Clayton; Mrs. Sweetman and daughter, Church Hill, Md.; Mrs. Richard Hodgson, Rev. Edward Hart, Mrs. William P. Reynolds, Townsend; Mrs. George Beck, Miss Mary McKay, Mrs. David Mills, Clayton, and Mrs. Martha Horlock, of Philadelphia.

Entertained Her Little Friends

Mrs. Harry S. Brady entertained a number of little folks in honor of her little daughter, Virginia, on Monday afternoon from three until five o'clock, at her home near Mt. Pleasant. The guests were, Henrietta Schroeder, Grace, Clara, Elizabeth and Margaret Brady, Henry, George and Katherine Townsend, Percy, Edwin and Charlotte Douglas, Blanche Messick, Margaret and Lindsey Cochran, Lulu Horsey, Henry Chamberlaine, Burton Pearson, Henry Vaughan, John Vauderdale, Fred Pool, John Pool, Virginia and Henry Brady.

A New Departure

Fogel & Burstein are inaugurating for the first time what they purport calling hereafter their "Semi-Annual Shoe Sale". The one beginning, Monday, August 5th, will be their first. They intend to make these semi-annual shoe sales real bargain clearance sales in every way, wherein only their regular stock, unsold at the time, will figure. They feel confident that their patrons once they test these sales, will continue testing them, and that the money saved thereby will make new customers permanent ones.

Sales to Take Place

Wednesday, August 7th, 1912—Public sale of horses, mules, &c., by S. G. Caldwell at his stables in Galena, Md. G. W. Padley, auctioneer.

Saturday, August 24th, 1912, at one o'clock, P. M., Public sales of horses, mules, colts, cattle and hogs, by J. A. and J. J. Sullivan at the Middletown Hotel Stables, Eugene Racine, Auctioneer.

Attending Supreme Lodge

Clerk of Orphans Court and Register in Chancery, Joseph C. Jols, left Friday morning for Denver, Col., where he will spend two weeks. He goes as a Supreme Representative to the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias. Mr. Jols is accompanied on the trip by his wife and little son Clinton.

Sunday School Picnic

Bethesda M. E. Sunday School will hold its annual picnic at Augustine Park on Thursday next, August 8th. This will be a pleasing treat to the children, as they always spend a pleasant day at the park. The teams will start from the Church as usual, and a large crowd is assured.

Card of Thanks

Through the columns of THE TRANSCRIPT I desire to thank all of my friends who assisted me in the Piano Contest which closed on Monday, July 29th.

Mrs. EDWARD G. ARMSTRONG, McDonough

The Lady of the Mount

by FREDERIC S. ISNAM
AUTHOR OF "THE STROLLERS UNDER THE ROSE" ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS
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CHAPTER IX.

A Discovery.
"Why did you do that?" It was Lady Elise who now spoke, lifting her head haughtily to regard the newcomer, as she stepped toward him. "Cross yourself, I mean!"

"This good fellow, my Lady, is surprised to see you here, and small wonder he forgets his manners!" said the young man coolly, speaking for the other.

"But he is honest enough—and intends no disrespect!" "None whatever!" muttered the intruder, a thin, wizened, yet still active-looking person.

My Lady did not reply; her gaze, in which suspicion had become conviction, again met the young man's, whose black eyes now gleamed with a sudden, challenging light.

"With your permission, my Lady, I will speak with this fellow," he said, and abruptly strode from the tower; walked a short distance away, followed by the man, when he stopped.

"Certes, your tongue betrayed you that time, Sanchez!" he said confronting the other.

"The man made a rough gesture, 'C'est vrai!' regretfully. 'But when I saw you two together I thought I had seen a—' He stopped. 'She is so like—'

"Nay; I don't blame you; the sight was certainly unexpected! I had thought to come down and prepare you, but—this done!"

"And I knew that it meant," the old servant looked over his shoulder toward the tower.

"Call it magic!" with a short laugh, "Diablerie!" muttered the other.

"Well, have your way! Why, abruptly, 'did you not meet me here last night at high tide, as we had planned?'"

"The priest came not in time; fearing he was watched, waited until night to leave his hiding-place at Ver-ranch."

"And after missing me last night, you thought to find me here today?"

"I knew you were most anxious to see him; that upon him depended your chance to undo some of his Excellency, the Governor's, knavery! And, then, to find you here with the daughter of the man who has wrought you so much wrong; robbed you of your lands—your right to your name!"

A cloud shadowed the listener's bold brow. "I know not how it came about, Seigneur, but be assured, no good can come of it!"

From where she stood, at the distance to the tower, the Governor's daughter saw now the two men de-cended; she perceived, also, at a turn in the path, coming up slowly, as one whose years had begun to tell upon him, another figure, clad in black; a priest. This last person and the Black Seigneur accosted each other; stopped, while the other man, who had crossed himself at sight of her, drew aside.

At length, somewhat abruptly, they separated, the priest and Sanchez going down the hill and the young man starting to walk up. Then, quickly leaving the ancient, circular structure for observation, she stepped toward the cliff, not far to the right; and in an attitude of as great unconcern as the could summon, waited.

Below the ocean beat around the rock, and her eyes seemed to have rested an interminable period on the dark surface of the water, when at length she heard him; near at hand; directly behind. Still she did not stir; he, too, by the silence, stood motionless. How long? The little foot moved restlessly; why did he not speak? She knew he was looking at her—the Governor's daughter who had inadvertently looked into a forbidden chamber; was possessed of dangerous knowledge.

Again she made a movement. When was he going to speak? It was intolerable that he should stand there, studying, deducing! That she, accustomed to command; to be served; to have her way at court and about court; should now be judged, passed upon, disposed of, by—whom? Quickly she looked around; the flashing brown eyes met the steady black ones.

"Well?" "The man will take you back. His manner was quiet; composed; implied a full cognizance of what she knew,

and an absence of any further desire to attempt to disguise the truth. "Back! Where?" She could not conceal her surprise.

"To the Mount."

For the moment she did not speak; she had not known what to expect—certainly not that.

"Why not?" A smile, slightly forced, crossed his face. "Does your Ladyship think I make war on women? Only, before your Ladyship departs, it will be necessary for you to agree to a little condition."

"Condition?" She drew her breath quickly.

"That you will say nothing to incriminate him. He is an old servant of mine; has broken none of the laws of the land; with a somewhat contemptuous air, 'works his bit of ground; pays metayage, and a tax on all the fish he brings in. Only in a certain matter today has he served me."

"You mean I must say nothing about meeting him? You?"

"For his sake!" "And your own?"

"Mine?" He made a careless gesture. "I should not presume! For myself, I should exact or expect, from your Ladyship no promise. Tonight I shall be far away. But this good fellow remains behind; should be allowed to continue his peaceful, lowly occupation. I would not have anything happen to him on my account."

"And if I refuse to promise?" she asked haughtily. "To enter into any covenant with you?"

"But you will not!" he said steadily. "Your Ladyship, for her own sake, should not force the alternative."

"Alternative?" "Why speak of it?"

"What is the alternative?" she demanded.

"If your Ladyship refuses to promise, it will be necessary for the man to return alone."

"You mean," in spite of herself, she gave a start, "you would make me a prisoner?"

"It should not be necessary."

"That you would not dare!" indignantly.

"Not dare? Your Ladyship forgets—"

"True!" with a scornful glance. After a pause: "But suppose I did promise? Are you not reposing a good deal of confidence in me?"

"Not too much!"

"I presume," disdainfully, "I should feel flattered in being trusted by—"

She did not finish the sentence.

But the young man apparently had not heard. "I'll take the chance on your own words," he added unexpectedly.

"My words?"

"That you are no tell-tale."

The girl started. "Tell-tale!" she repeated.

"You once told me you were not!"

"I—told you?" She stared at him.

"Told me you were no tell-tale," he repeated. "And—when Beppo lied, you told the truth—about a ragged vagabond of a boy."

"Beppo?" she looked in her eyes deepened; cleared. "I remember now," she said slowly. "You were the boy with the fish, who said he lived in the woods. I met you while riding, and again that night, as a child, leaving for Paris. I did not know, then, that you would become."

The young man's face changed. "An outlaw!" he said coolly.

"Yes; an outlaw," she repeated firmly. Angered by his unflinching gaze, she went on. "Who dares not fly the flag of his king! Who dares not come openly into any honest port!"

She ended, her brown eyes flashing. His own darkened; but he only remarked coolly: "My Lady, at any rate, dares much!"

"Oh, I've no doubt you don't care to hear—"

"From you!" He looked at her oddly, from the golden hair to the small, dainty foot. "From your Ladyship!"

He repeated, as if amused. An instant he regarded her silently, intently; but his voice when at length he again spoke was cool and slightly mocking: "My Lady speaks of course, from the standpoint of her own world—a very pretty world! A park of pleasure, wherein, I can vouch for it, my Lady dances very prettily."

She started; a flush of resentment glowed and faded on her cheek; a question his words suggested trembled on her lips.

"Why did you come to the beach that night of my trial? How dared you, knowing that I—"

"Why?" His eyes lost their ironical light. "Why?" he repeated; then laughed with sudden recklessness. "I wished to see your Ladyship."

"Me?" She shook her head back.

"You! He repeated, his gaze fastened on the startled, proud face. "Though I looked not forward to a dance—with your Ladyship! To the black eyes glowed. 'Pard! It was worth the risk. A moment he waited; then his manner changed. 'I will leave your Ladyship now,' he said quietly. 'You will have opportunity to consider—she did not answer—whether you will give me your promise, or not.' 'Whoed, and, wheeling abruptly, walked away."

Some time later, in the fast-gathering darkness, from the cove a small boat put out, with Sanchez, gloomy and sullen, in the stern; at the bow, the Governor's daughter. As the little boat receded and the point of land loomed bigger before them, the girl gazed straight ahead; but the man looked back; to the sands of the little cove, a pale similar in the dragon-like mouth of the rock; toward the tower, near which he fancied he could see a figure, turned from them—seaward—where, far out, a ship might just be discerned, a dim outline on the horizon.

CHAPTER X.

The Cloister in the Air.
Irrespective of environment, the cloister of the Mount would have been a delight to the eye, but, upheld in mid-air, with the sky so near and the sands so far below, it seemed more an inspiration of fancy than a work of hand. Dainty, delicate, its rose-colored columns of granite appeared too thin for tangible weight; the tympanum sculptured designs, fanciful as the carvings in some palace of a poet's dream. Despite, however, this first impression of evanescence, it carried a charm against the ravages of time, and, ethereal though it was, it had rested like a crown on the grim head of the rock through the ages.

Once a place for quiet meditation, the cloister had, through a whirlwind of change, become the favorite resort of the Governor, for defender, or after-dinner dram, and, on occasions, for the transaction of much profane though necessary labor pertaining to his office and private concerns. He busied himself there now; or had been, busying himself, but paused to look up from the large book before him, whose pages were inscribed with items and figures. His finger, following the mental computation, remained stationary. Fougasse—tax upon fires; banvin—duties on wine; vintain—the lord's right to his share of the produce; minage—his due from each mine or half-setter of coin—consideration of these usually all-important matters seemed

for the moment to have been forgotten. He leaned back, and as he sat thus, the light and shadow playing on him, the dark, steady eyes looked the more sunken, the hard, cynical lips beneath the white mustache the more cruel, the spare figure the more alert and ready, as if to grapple with some hidden danger.

"Arrive en ce pays De Basse Normandie—"

At one of the apertures looking out to the barren waste of sand stood the Lady Elise; the words of the old Norman chant she was singing in desultory fashion rang softly, oddly, in that spot, where black-clad brethren for centuries had been wont to tread. Me-



"I—I Feel Very Well."

chanically the Governor listened, but the voice soon ceased abruptly and again, after the manner of one of orderly habit, he bent over the big book; once more the curving finger slid up and down, and parsimoniously, the voice of the aged, had begun to shine from his pinched features, when a footstep rang on the marble pavement.

"Your Excellency sent for me!" The commandant stood respectfully near.

The Governor closed the book with deliberation; lifted his eyes. "The prisoners that were taken last night are safely housed?"

"Housed? Yes, your Excellency! But we have little room for them. The cells are all occupied; the dungeons, fairly full! Even the In-pence and Les Deux Jumeaux have been pressed into service."

"Hum!" The long hand tapped restlessly a moment; the cold eyes gleamed, then shot an inquiring look. "There are no new particulars about last night's encounter with this—Black Seigneur?"

"None, your Excellency, except," the commandant drew a paper from his breast pocket, "that he was in writing the detailed account of the officer in charge of your Excellency's boat, who was wounded himself in the encounter."

"Read it."

The commandant obeyed. "Our schooner, belonging to his Excellency, the Governor, was returning last night to the Mount with troops—reinforcements for the garrison from St. Dard—when it happened quite by accident near a ship, maneuvering at a respectful distance from the island of Casque. The night was dark and cloudy, but our men got a look at her and suspecting who she was and knowing her armament, against our will, we felt obliged to bear away. She, having no reason to think us other than a fishing schooner, or that we were freighted with troops instead of cod, did not follow and we had passed out of sight, and were rounding the island when we ran into two small sail-boats that had just set out from there."

"To join the ship of this outlaw!" interposed the Governor. "Go on!"

shortly.

"We halted; their answer was unsatisfactory; we ordered them to halt, whereupon they tried to sail away. We followed and overtaking them, commanded them to surrender. Their leader, who was the Black Seigneur himself, refused, and we attacked—"

"Blen! We attacked!" But what then? "Sh, what then?"

"With fury they responded; in spite of their inferiority of numbers tried to board us. Bravely our men repulsed them; yet still they persisted; led by their captain, the Black Seigneur, he gained the deck when a chance shot struck him. As he fell back, the others tried to escape; one boat was sunk—"

"And the other, bearing their leader, got away!" interrupted the Governor harshly.

"In the confusion—yes, your Excellency."

The Governor waved his hand impatiently.

"By this time the ship of the Black Seigneur had drawn nearer and our men put about and made for the Mount with a number of prisoners. Several shots were sent after us, but we managed to reach port."

"The officer in charge of the troops thinks this fellow, their leader, was wounded severely—fatally perhaps, your Excellency."

For some time the Governor, with frowning brows, slipped and dropped a glass of liquor at his elbow, and, stiff, motionless, the commandant waited; close at hand, a dove plumed itself on the roof of the cloister walk; beyond, the girl again began to sing fitfully.

Out of the corner of his eye the commandant dared look at her, leaning now against the wall, the clear-cut, white features outlined against an illimitable blue background.

Involuntarily he started to raise a hand to his warlike mustache, when abruptly his wandering attention recalled. "The man ashore I spoke to you about, has been taken into custody."

"Yes, your Excellency; and is now at the barracks."

"Send him here. One moment—"

The commandant paused, vaguely conscious the girl had moved away from the wall. "You spoke of there being a lack of room—these new prisoners must be confined in the dungeons; if necessary, crowd more of the others in the upper cells, and—there is still the Devil's Cage!"

Through the rose-tinted columns, above the Governor's head, the commandant could discern the figure of the Lady Elise, who had approached and now was gazing intently at them. "Your Excellency would use that? One can neither lie down in it, nor sit in it, upright!"

"Well," the cold eyes flashed, "it is not intended for upright people! But the man you were ordered to arrest, with sudden sharpness, 'the man from the shore! Send him to me!'"

"At once, your Excellency!" And responding promptly to his superior's mood, the commandant saluted briskly, and retired.

"What man?" The drapery of her gown drawn back, the Lady Elise stood poised on the court's low coping between the fairy-like pillars.

"No one you know, my dear."

"Which means—it is none of my concern."

"Not at all." His voice was now perfunctory; and his expression, as he surveyed her, slightly questioning. "You are looking somewhat pale today?"

"Am I?" carelessly, "I—I feel very well." As she spoke, she went to him and leaned over the back of his chair. "Mon pere, won't you do something for me?"

"What?"

"Please first." With her hand on his shoulder.

He reached up; the long, cold fingers stroked the shapely, warm ones. "One should never leap into the dark with a promise," he answered. "Especially to a woman."

"Not even when that woman is one's own daughter?" she asked, sliding to the arm of the chair.

He regarded the bright face now thoughtful; the lips, usually laughing, set in a frown. "Is it another trip to the court, or do you wish to turn this stern old Mount again into a palace of pleasure? To invite once more the Paris lords and ladies—the King, himself, perhaps? It would not be the first time a monarch has been entertained at the Mount—or a Marquis, either, eh? Shall we ask the Marquis?"

She made an impatient movement. "I want you to promise to break up the terrible room cage, and—"

"But!" joyously he plucked the fair cheek. "A girl's thoughts should be of the court and the cavaliers."

She turned away her head. "You treat me like a child," she said with a flash in her eyes.

"No, no! Like a woman," he laughed. "But the Marquis—perhaps he could not come here; perhaps he is too much concerned with the gaities of Paris!" Her figure straightened; she was about to walk away, when—

"Did this afternoon?" he asked.

"I had not thought of it."

"If you do I desire that some one accompany you." Her face changed; she looked at him quickly, and half turned. "Remember Saladin as well, and—"

"Poor Saladin!" she breathed, with averted glance.

"He got his deserts!" answered the Governor harshly. "An ugly trick that of his—to belly and leave you at the extreme point of the mainland where he swings around!"

"The 'grand tide'—it came in so fast—and made so much noise—"

"It frightened him! Well, fortunate he was, indeed, you were not on his back!"

"He had nearly reached the point, and had had time to dismount! An unpleasant experience, nevertheless—with the water separating you from the Mount, and a great curve of land to be walked before you could arrive at a human habitation!"

"It wasn't a very comfortable feeling," she acknowledged, flushing.

"And if the fisherman hadn't subsequently seen you and taken you across his back, he would have been more uncomfortable later."

You rewarded him well, I trust?"

"He wouldn't take anything."

"And you neglected to inquire his name?"

"I did not think."

"You were so intent on getting back remarked the Governor, regarding her closely. "What sort of man was he?"

"Old."

"And—"

"He is all I remember."

"Hum! Not very lucky. No doubt you were too overwrought, my dear, to be in an observant mood." His voice sank absently; his fingers sought among the papers, and, as his glance fell, the girl walked away. Again she leaned on the parapet, and once more regarded the barren waste below—the figures of the cockle-seekers, mere specks, the shadow of the Mount, stamped on the sand, with the saint, a shapeless form, holding up a tapering black line—a sword—at the apex.

"She is keeping back something. What?" She started to look back, but the Governor watched her; his lips compressed, his eyes keen, then shrugged his shoulders and resumed his occupation. The death-like hush of an aerial region surrounded them; the halcyon peace of a seemingly calm sea; the stillness of a forest broken by an indubitable clangor—harsh, hard—of a door, opening; shutting. The Governor lifted his head in annoyance; the dove on the roof of the cloister walk flew away, and a short, fat, old man, with a white beard, appeared.

"Pardon, your Excellency! But the drafts! They seem sometimes to sweep up from the very dungeons themselves, and—"

Beppo cut short excuse, or explanation. "A prisoner is waiting without. The man, Sanchez, from the shore! Monsieur le Commandant, who brought him, told me to inform you."

The Governor considered a moment with down-bent brows. "You may show him in, but first he is placed up with a frown, 'I have a question to put to you.'"

"Your Excellency?"

"This morning you thought fit to apprise me," Beppo looked uncomfortable in view of the events of last night—that you saw yesterday this fellow, Sanchez, setting out in a sailboat, accompanied by a priest—a fact that might have been of great service to me, had I been aware of it in season."

The Governor paused up about the full weight of his disapproval to be felt. "At what hour did you see them start out?"

"About dusk, the time of the 'grand tide,' was the crestfallen answer. "I was following the shore, feeling anxious on account of the Lady Elise, who, I knew, had gone in the direction of the forest, when I saw them, some distance out, but not too far to recognize this fellow's boat and in it two men, one of them in black robes of a priest. I attached no importance to the incident until—"

The Governor interrupted. "You may send the prisoner in," he said shortly. "No—wait!" Toward the spot where the girl had been standing the Governor glided quickly, but that post of observation was now vacant, and his Excellency more deliberately looked around; caught no sight of her.

"You may send him in here," he said, "alone. I will speak with the prisoner in private."

CHAPTER XI.

The Governor is Surprised.
But the Lady Elise had not gone. Passing from the cloister through the great arched doorway leading to the

high-roofed refectory, she had stopped at the sight of a number of people gathered near the entrance. At first she had merely glanced at them; then started, as, in the somewhat dim light prevailing there, her eyes became fixed upon one of their number. Obviously a prisoner, he stood in the center of the group, with head down-bent, a hard, indifferent expression on his countenance. Amazed, the girl was about to step forward to address him—or the commandant—when Beppo appeared from the cloister, walking toward the officer, and, in a low ill-humored tone, said something she could not hear. Whatever it was, the commandant caused him to repeat it; made a gesture to the soldiers, who drew back, and spoke himself to the prisoner. The latter did not reply nor raise his eyes, and the commandant laid a heavy hand on his shoulder, whereupon the prisoner moved forward mechanically, through the doorway.

"You are sure his Excellency said 'alone'?" asked the commandant.

"As sure as I have ears," answered Beppo.

"But her ladyship—see! She is walking after him."

Beppo shrugged his shoulders. "She always does what she pleases; no orders apply to her."

In the shadow of the cloister roof, at a corner where the double row of pillars met, the girl paused; looked out through the columns, her hand at her breast. The Governor was unconcernedly writing; not even when the prisoner stepped forward did he turn from his occupation; at his leisure dotted an "i" and crossed a "t"; sprinkled salt lightly over the paper; waited a moment, then tapped the fine particles from the letter. For his part, the prisoner displayed equal patience, standing in an attitude of stolid endurance.

"Your name is Sanchez?" At length the Governor seemed to notice the other's presence.

"Yes."

"And you formerly served the Seigneur Desaurac? Followed him to America?"

"Your Excellency knows." The servant's tone was level defiance.

A trace of pink sprang to the Governor's brow, though the eyes he lifted were impassive. "You will answer 'yes' or 'no'!" He reached for a stick of wax, held it up to the tiny flame of a lamp; watched the red drops fall. "When you returned, it was to live in the forest with—a nameless band?"

"My master's son!"

"By a peasant woman, his—"

"What?"

The Governor smiled; applying a seal, pressed it hard. "The courts found differently," he observed in a mild, even voice, as speaking to himself and extolling the cause of justice.

"The courts! Because the priest who married them had been driven from Brittany! Because he could not be found there! Because—"

The man's indignation had got the better of his tactfulness, but he did not finish the sentence.

"Either," said the Governor quietly, "you are one of his simple-minded people, who, misguided by loyalty, cherish illusions, or you are a scheming rogue. No matter which, unfortunately, in crisp tones, 'it is necessary to take time to deal with you.'"

"At your Excellency's service!"

And the man folded his arms but, again turning to his table, the Governor resumed some detail of employment there of paramount importance; once more kept the prisoner waiting.

The silence lengthened; in the dim light of the walk noiselessly the girl drew nearer; unseen, reached the old alabaster chair with its sheltering back to the court and close to the Governor's table. Into the capacious depths of this chilly throne, where once the high and holy dignity of the church had been accustomed to recline, the black seigneur laid his feet from the tiny stone lavatory before it, she half sank, her cheek against one of its cold sides; in an attitude of expectation breathlessly waited. Why was it so still? She could hear his father's scratch! She could hear his pen scratch, scratch!

They were again speaking; more eagerly she bent forward; listened to the hard, metallic voice of the Governor.

"You left the castle at once when the decree of the court, ordering it vacated, was posted in the forest?"

"My master told me to, pretending he was going, but—"

"Remained to resist; to kill." The Governor's tones, without being raised, were stern. "And when, after the crime against the instruments of justice, he escaped to the high seas, why did you not go with him?"

"He wouldn't have it."

"Thinking you would be more useful here? A spy?"

"He said he would be held an outlaw; a price put on him, and—he dismissed me from his service."

"Dismissed you? An excellent jest! But your present incivilities, 'what about the priest, eh? What about the priest?'"

The man straightened. "What priest?" he said in a dogged tone.

"You are accused of harboring and abetting an unfrocked fellow who has long been wanted by the government; you are accused of having taken him to sea; the prisoner started, 'to some rendezvous—a distant isle—to meet some one; to wait for a ship; to be smuggled away—'

The man did not reply; with head sunk slightly, seemed lost in thought. "Speak—answer!"

"Who accuses me?"

"From the stone chair the girl sprang, looked out. Her face white, excited, peering beneath the delicate spandril and stone roses, seemed to come as an answer.

"Have I not told you—?" began the Governor sternly, when—

"Bah!" burst from the prisoner violently. "Why should I deny what your Excellency so well knows? I told my master not to trust her; that she would play him false; and that one of his friends had placed him up."

"Her? Whom do you mean?" The Governor's eyes followed the man's; stopped. "Elise!"

"I think," her eyes very bright, the girl walked quickly toward him, "I think this man is lying to me."

"Elise!" the Governor repeated.

"Forgive me, mon pere; I didn't intend to listen, but I couldn't help it because—"

"How long?" said the Governor, "have you been there?"

"Ever since he came in. I suppose," proudly turning to the man, "it is useless to say that I did not play this double role of which you accuse me, and that I did keep, in every particular, the promise I made—"

"Oh, yes; you could say it, my

Lady!" with sheering emphasis. "But you reserve to yourself the right not to believe me? That is what you mean?" The man's stubborn, vindictive look answered. "Then I will deny nothing to you; nothing! You may think what you will."</